Faust ID:: Seven Assoc. South Section 4
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/62596483.

Rating:
General Audiences

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Categories:
F/F, F/M

Fandom:
Limbus Company (Video Game)

Relationship:
Faust (Limbus Company)/Reader

Characters:
Faust (Limbus Company), Reader

Additional Tags:
Tea, Fluff, Baristas

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2025-01-28 Words: 2,882 Chapters: 1/?

Faust ID:: Seven Assoc. South Section 4

by Bordementions

Summary

Though the child is currently working as a tea brewer here, this café is an employee—run, volunteer—based establishment by a subsection of the Seven Association Fixers who are deeply invested in the art of tea brewing.
Of course, once their volunteered hours are complete, the employees all return to their duties as Fixers of the Seven Association.

Notes

Short tea shop fluff WOOHOO

Two in one day I know I know I'm the greatest no need to tell me I already know

Anyways do enjoy

Disc server for polls https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

The clatter of ceramic mugs and the low hum of conversation fill the air, a surprising contrast to the usual sterile atmosphere of the Seven Association building. The aroma of roasted beans and exotic spices hangs heavy in the air, mingling with the sweet scent of pastries. Sunlight streams through the large windows, illuminating dust motes dancing in the air. You'd heard whispers of this volunteer-run cafe, a place where even hardened Fixers could briefly unwind. A sanctuary amidst the chaos of the City, a place where secrets were shared and deals were struck over steaming cups of carefully brewed beverages. You're here for the tea, of course, but also… to see her.

The cafe feels alive in a way that is almost foreign in this part of the City. Fixers, researchers, and the occasional office worker all blend together in an unusual harmony. Each table holds its own little world: hands gesturing animatedly over open folders, the clink of teaspoons against ceramic as drinks are stirred, and the occasional burst of laughter that cuts through the din. Despite the noise, there's a sense of comfort here, as if this small corner of the building is immune to the usual pressures that weigh on everyone outside its doors.

You spot Faust behind the counter, a small figure amidst the bustling crowd. She seems almost swallowed by all the equipment decorating the counter, yet she commands the space with an undeniable presence. Her glasses seem to magnify her intense gaze as she meticulously prepares a drink, her movements precise and economical. It's clear she approaches her craft with the utmost seriousness. The steam from the various kettles swirls around her like a veil, adding an almost ethereal quality to her otherwise sharp and composed demeanor. She looks… younger than you expected, but there's an undeniable air of focus about her that speaks of someone who is experienced and knowledgeable. Someone who has seen things, learned things, and carries the weight of those experiences with quiet dignity.

You take a moment to observe her, noticing the faint lines of strain on her face that betray long hours of work. Her hands move deftly, almost like a dancer performing a well-rehearsed routine. Each drink she prepares seems to carry a piece of that precision, as if she's putting more than just effort into her craft—perhaps a piece of herself.

You approach the counter, a little hesitant. "Excuse me," you begin,

your voice barely audible above the din. The cafe is surprisingly busy for a mid-afternoon lull. Every table seems occupied, every seat filled with patrons engaged in animated discussions. The faint hum of a grinder in the background momentarily masks your words.

Faust's head snaps up, her eyes fixing on you through those thick lenses. Her gaze is sharp and assessing, like she's already deciphering what you want and how you'd like it made. "Apologies for the wait. I will take your order now." Her voice is mild, measured, and analytical with every word. There's no hint of apology in her tone, simply a statement of fact.

Her expression is unreadable, a perfect mask of professional detachment. Yet, as you meet her eyes, there's something else there—curiosity, perhaps? A flicker of recognition? It's fleeting, gone before you can be sure it was ever there. You fumble for your words, feeling the weight of her attention settle on you like a spotlight. The room seems quieter, though you know it hasn't changed.

"I'll just have… milk tea," you manage, feeling a sudden dryness in your throat. You hadn't realized you were nervous, but standing before her, you feel strangely exposed. It's not just her intensity—it's the way her eyes seem to strip away all pretense, as if she's seeing you for everything you are.

Faust nods, her gaze pinpoint. "Milk tea. Ceylon leaves, I presume? The water will be heated to 94 degrees Celsius, unless you have other preferences." She doesn't wait for your answer, launching into a rapid-fire explanation of the optimal brewing process, the precise amount of sugar, and the potential pitfalls of adding milk after the tea is poured. The words tumble out of her, a torrent of information delivered in that quiet, intense voice, and you find yourself both fascinated and slightly overwhelmed. It's as if she's reciting a scientific paper on the art of tea making, yet somehow, it's captivating. Every detail feels like it was remembered out of care, as though she's sharing a secret that only she truly understands.

You nod, a little dazed by the sheer volume of information. "Ceylon leaves are fine," you manage to say, hoping it's the right answer. You're not entirely sure what 94 degrees Celsius even signifies in the world of tea, but you trust Faust knows what she's doing. Her reputation precedes her; they say she's a master of her craft, a veritable tea sommelier. Watching her now, you have no reason to doubt it.

She doesn't acknowledge your agreement with a word, but there's a subtle shift in her expression—a faint, almost imperceptible satisfaction. Her hands move with practiced ease, retrieving a tin of tea leaves and measuring out a precise portion. Every movement is efficient, calculated, as if she's performing a delicate experiment rather than making a drink.

Faust's gaze flickers away for a moment, seemingly processing your confirmation. "One teaspoon of sugar, noted. Would you prefer your first cup pre-filled, or would you like to add the warming water yourself?" Again, the rapid-fire delivery, the precise wording. You wonder if she ever pauses for breath, if she ever deviates from her planned out script.

Caught off guard, you hesitate. "Uh… pre-filled is fine," you say, though you're not entirely sure what difference it makes. Faust's expression doesn't change, but you sense that she's cataloging your choice, filing it away somewhere in that labyrinthine mind of hers.

"Understood." She turns her attention back to the brewing process, and you watch as she pours water over the tea leaves, the steam rising in delicate spirals. There's something mesmerizing about the way she works, her movements as fluid and deliberate as the flow of the water itself. It feels almost ritualistic, and in a way it is.

For a brief moment, you forget the noise of the cafe, the bustling patrons, even the reason you came here in the first place. All that exists is Faust and the quiet artistry of her craft.

"Pre-filled is fine," you reply, feeling a strange mix of nervousness and curiosity. You watch as Faust turns to prepare your drink, her movements a blur of motion. The clatter of the cafe fades into the background as you focus on her, on the way her glasses slide down her nose slightly, pushing them up as she concentrates. She handles the delicate teaware with an almost reverent touch, as if they were precious artifacts.

A sudden commotion breaks your reverie. A gruff voice cuts through the cafe's hum. "Hey, kid! My tea's cold!" The voice is laced with impatience, demanding attention.

Faust's movements don't falter. She finishes pouring your milk tea with a fine grace before turning to face the disgruntled customer. Her expression remains unchanged, but there's a subtle shift in her posture, a tightening of her shoulders. It's as if a switch has flipped, a

subtle change in her demeanor that hints at a steely resolve beneath her quiet exterior.

“My apologies, sir,” she says, her voice still quiet but now laced with an edge of something else. “I will attend to your tea immediately.” There’s a hint of steel in her voice, a subtle undercurrent that suggests she’s not one to be trifled with.

She moves with an almost unnerving speed, retrieving the offending cup and disappearing behind the counter. You watch, fascinated, as she reappears moments later with a steaming mug. She doesn’t just hand it over; she engages the customer in a brief, intense conversation about the optimal temperature for his specific blend, the potential for flavor degradation, and the precise method for reheating without compromising the delicate balance of the tea. Her words flow with clinical precision, each point striking like a scalpel. The customer, initially gruff and dismissive, seems to shrink under the weight of her knowledge. His bluster evaporates as he nods meekly, clearly outmatched and overwhelmed by her encyclopedic command of tea.

As Faust returns to her post, her gaze flickers to you. "Your milk tea is ready," she announces, placing the cup before you with the same care she used for every step of its preparation. "Please enjoy." Her tone is neutral, almost detached, but there’s a hint of satisfaction in her eyes, as though the act of crafting the perfect cup is reward enough. Without missing a beat, she turns her attention to another customer, her rapid-fire explanations beginning anew. It’s as if the previous interruption never happened, as if she seamlessly transitions from one task to another effortlessly.

You take a sip of your tea. It's… perfect. The flavor is complex, nuanced, exactly as Faust described. A symphony of tastes dances across your palate, each note distinct yet harmonious. It’s not just a drink; it’s a work of art, a testament to her unparalleled skill and dedication.

As you savor the tea, you glance around the room, scanning for the table you had picked out earlier. Before you can move, you notice Faust already standing there, her figure framed by the sunlight streaming through the windows. She’s pulled out a chair for you, her posture impeccable, as if this act of courtesy is just another step in her routine.

A small smile plays on her lips as she gestures toward the chair. It’s a fleeting expression, gone as quickly as it appears, leaving you

wondering if you imagined it. Surprised and a little flustered, you manage a quick, “Oh, thank you,” sliding into the offered seat. The chair feels surprisingly comfortable, molded to fit the contours of your body in a way that’s almost uncanny.

As you settle in, your eyes are drawn to the small details that hadn’t caught your attention before. A small hand-stitched cushion rests on the seat, not present on any of the others within the cafe. Its intricate embroidery comfortable beneath you. Beside your tea, a delicate slice of dessert cake sits on a porcelain plate. The cake is beautifully presented, its layers of sponge and cream a work of art in themselves.

You glance up at Faust, who is already retreating back toward the counter. Her focus is elsewhere now, yet it feels as though she’s orchestrated this moment with the same precision she brings to her tea. Taking a bite of the cake, you find it just as perfect as the tea—a subtle sweetness that complements the drink without overpowering it. It’s clear that every detail, no matter how small, has been carefully considered.

Yet, even as she busies herself with another order, you can feel the weight of her gaze lingering on you for a fraction longer than necessary. It’s not intrusive, nor is it idle curiosity—it’s as if she’s cataloging details about you, analyzing variables you can’t quite perceive. The sensation is unnerving, like being observed by a hawk poised to strike, yet there’s no malice in it. Only scrutiny.

You take another sip of your tea, its warmth grounding you as you attempt to subtly watch her in return. She moves with an effortless precision, every action fluid, refined, economical. There’s no wasted motion, no hesitation—only mastery, honed through repetition. The way she handles each piece of teaware, the careful way she measures each ingredient, even the slight tilt of her head as she gauges the temperature of a fresh brew—it all speaks of someone entirely in her element, someone who has long since turned routine into an art form.

As the evening wears on, the bustling energy of the cafe begins to wane. The once-packed tables are now sparsely occupied, the low hum of conversation reduced to a few murmured exchanges. The golden hues of the setting sun stream through the windows, casting elongated shadows across the floor, bathing everything in a soft, amber glow. There’s a strange tranquility settling over the space, as if the cafe itself is exhaling after the rush. You sit there, flipping through your schedule for the week.

When you glance up from your cup, she's there. Standing at your table, a cup of tea cradled in her hands.

She approaches with measured steps, her presence no longer carrying the rigid intensity from earlier. Something about her seems… different. The taut focus that defined her during the rush has loosened, replaced by something more subdued. Her sharp gaze, once assessing, now holds something softer—curiosity, perhaps. Or maybe it's just exhaustion.

"May I join you?" she asks, her voice quieter now, carrying a trace of hesitation.

She gestures toward the empty chair across from you, her fingers curled around the handle of a simple, unadorned ceramic mug. It's a stark contrast to the delicate porcelain she serves her customers, a detail that strikes you as strangely personal. This cup is hers—not part of the performance, not meant for display.

"Of course," you say, the words coming out more eagerly than you intended. A flicker of anticipation rises within you. This is what you'd been waiting for—the chance to speak with her, to understand the enigmatic woman behind the counter.

You nod toward the chair in silent invitation. As she lowers herself into the seat, you realize that, for the first time since you stepped into this cafe, Faust is no longer just a figure of efficiency behind the counter. She is here, in front of you, no longer simply a barista, but something more. Something unknown. And that, more than anything, intrigues you.

She sits with a grace that seems almost practiced, placing her mug down with the same precision she applies to her craft. Yet, she doesn't drink. Instead, her gaze settles on you, piercing and unrelenting, studying you as though she's piecing together a puzzle. There's no hostility in it, but there is something unreadable—an intensity that makes you feel like she's seeing past the surface, as if she's assessing more than just your presence.

"You're not a regular," she observes, her tone measured but carrying an undertone of something else. Amusement? Curiosity? It's difficult to tell with her.

"No," you admit, feeling a sudden warmth creeping up your neck. "I… I've heard good things about this place." You try to keep your voice light, casual, but there's a tension beneath it, a nervous energy you

can't quite suppress. You clear your throat, grasping for something to steady yourself. "And about the tea, of course." You gesture towards your empty teacup, a silent acknowledgment of her skill.

The faint smile widens into a more noticible. This time it isn't fleeting, it doesn't disappear behind a mask of proffesionalism. This time her entire expression shifts, the sharpness of her gaze softening. "The tea is important," she agrees, her fingers lightly tracing the rim of her mug. For the first time, she looks away—not at another order, not at some unseen task, but at the dark surface of her tea, as if it holds something only she can decipher.

"But it is more than just a beverage," she continues, her voice quieter now, carrying a thoughtful tone. "It's a moment to be shared." There's a wistfulness to her tone, as though she's recalling something distant, something just out of reach.

Then, she lifts her gaze back to you, and for the first time since this encounter began, you feel the shift—not as the observer, but as the one being invited in.

"Would you perhaps like to share it with me again sometime?"

The question hangs between you, delicate yet deliberate. An offer, nothing more.

And as you meet her eyes, you realize—this isn't just about the tea.

Her eyes are looking down to the open page of your schedule, her gaze sharpening with almost clinical precision. You can practically see the calculations running through her mind as she scans the disorganized mess of scribbled notes, crossed-out appointments, and hastily written reminders. Her brow is furrowed ever so slightly—barely seen, but enough for you to recognize it as disapproval.

She exhales softly, tilting her head as if assessing a particularly inefficient algorithm. "This could be structured far more effectively," she murmurs, more to herself than to you. Her fingers twitch slightly, as if resisting the urge to reorganize everything on the spot.

You sigh, already sensing where this is going. Fighting it would be pointless. "Haah… would you just like to write it in yourself?" you offer, sliding the planner across the table.

Faust's gaze lifts to meet yours, and for the briefest moment, you think you catch a glimmer of satisfaction in her eyes. Not smugness—just

the quiet certainty of someone who knew this was the inevitable outcome. Maybe also a little smugness.

"Yes," she replies simply, plucking the pen from your grasp with practiced ease.

And just like that, your schedule is no longer yours. Maybe with a little more tea time added in.

End Notes

Just cause I do an ID/EGO once doesn't mean they won't get another later on so even if this one is short seven faust enjoyers fear not she will return later

Also I know it's been all woman so far I will get on some of the male sinners too don't worry

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!